

# The Green and White Courier

VOLUME V.

MARYVILLE, MO., JUNE 25, 1919

NUMBERS 18 & 19

## College Gives Victory Program

**Dr. Burris Jenkins Speaks—Degrees Awarded to 13 Seniors.**

The College Commencement exercise and address took place Tuesday morning, June 24. The entire program was in commemoration of our soldier and sailor boys who did not return; and in honor of those who have come back to us, and of the women who took an active part in the war.

The class marched in, followed by the men and women who had been in the service, and advanced down the left aisle. At the same time the Board of Regents, the speakers and the faculty came down the right aisle. Maye Rust played Schubert's Militaire March as the procession came in.

The invocation was given by Rev. Mr. Coile. Then the College Chorus sang, "Welcome, Heroes of Renown," by Mendelssohn.

Next came the address by President Richardson in memory of the soldiers and sailors of our school who died for the cause. These were: David C. Leavel, Claude Wood, Jesse McCracken who were killed on the battle field and Verne Heflin and Poe Ewing who died of disease.

The response to the President's address came from W. A. Blagg, president of the board of regents. The chorus then sang "Souls of the Righteous," by Noble.

The Commencement address was delivered by Dr. Burris Jenkins of Kansas City. This stirring, patriotic speech was in keeping with the general theme of the program.

These excerpts were taken from Dr. Jenkins' address:

The American nation is just now entering upon a period of such world-wide aspiration for service as will affect our history for a thousand years to come.

We are determined to do our utmost to put an end to wars and to make peace permanent. We are determined to enter into a federation at least by way of experiment with the other nations of the earth, for the purpose of keeping the peace.

The public sentiment of America is favorable to such an undertaking. An American knows something about federation. It has been the object of our study for 150 years, and we are in a position to lead and instruct the older nations in the art of living together in a union to keep the peace. We are not to be held back from such an at-

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## ALUMNI BANQUET CARRIED OUT FUN OF WEEK FURNISHED VICTORY COMMENCEMENT.

The Alumni banquet will be held in the Christian Church, June 24 at 6:30. The following program which is in keeping with the victory commencement has been prepared:

How We Met the Crisis.....Mattie Dykes  
Over the Top—L. L. Livengood, Robert H. Watson.

By Wireless.....Henry A. Miller  
The Greatest Mother.....Carrie Coler  
At Home.....Mrs. Emmet Scott  
Carry On.....Tessie Degan  
A Forward Glance.....Pres. Richardson  
Reading.....Dale Hulet

Ella Moore, B. S., 1919, president of the Alumni Association will act as toastmistress.

The menu to be served is as follows:

Fruit Cocktail	Dressing
Baked Chicken	Gravy
Creamed Potatoes	Peas in Cases
Hot Rolls	Butter
Sweet Pickles	
Pine Apple Salad	
Ice Cream	Cake
Coffee	

Musie will be furnished by Schumacher's orchestra.

The banquet was planned by a committee composed of Mattie Dykes, Vivian Seat, Mrs. A. J. Cauffield and Beatrice Sewell.

## BY CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

The 1919 class day exercises were held in the auditorium, Monday at 10 A. M. The first number on the program was a piano solo by Pearl Wilkerson, entitled "A Song Without Words" by Nollot. The Class Poem by Tessie Degan gave an entertaining history of this year's class. Miss Degan very cleverly indicated the versatility of the class by using both rhyme and free verse in the poem.

Virginia Lawson's vocal solo, La Printemps was greatly enjoyed.

Following an old custom, Iva Ward, President of the Senior class, presented the Senior came to the Juniors. The response was given by Mabel Currutt, president of the Junior class.

The next number on the program was a trio, "When Twilight Weaves," by Mrs. Mary D. Lawrence, Virginia Lawson and Crystelle Cranor.

Treasure Box, by Mattie Dykes gave a number of thots which the members of the class will add to their college treasures.

The remainder of the program was held out of doors. The Seniors led the class and the visitors to the Class Tree on the campus where Frances Holliday delivered the Tree Oration.

The exercises closed with the sing-

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## One Act Plays Make Big Hit

**The Ring, The Rose and The Woman Make Up Program.**

Last Monday evening, June 23, came one of the best parts of Commencement. At least if the enjoyment of the audience can be used as a criterion, it surely ranks among the first. From the days of Shakespeare to a present situation, the three plays given by the graduating class, carried us right along. This year we enjoyed three of Mary MacMillan's shorter plays instead of one long play. In the first play, "The Ring," Hannah Dodsley, the wife who has no sense of humor, and Peter Dodsley, the husband who has, were particularly effective in producing rather a common but never a commonplace situation. Earl Bland as John and Lou Mutz as Mistress Chettle, supplied the main comedy of the play.

"A Woman's A Woman For A' That" was a play with no stars. Laura Curfman as the very attractive nurse, could well have been the heroine but she as well as Dr. Blufwell showed plainly "A Woman's A Woman For A' That." Niblick Stymie had the usual tolerant masculine attitude.

"The Rose" was of an entirely different nature. It had for its setting a room in Queen Eliabeth's castle. All three characters in this play were particularly strong, handling the tragic element particularly well.

Every member of the cast of all of the plays deserves special mention for the excellent presentation. The entire success of the plays depended on the acting as no scenery was used. Because of the reconstruction which the stage is undergoing as a result of the cyclone, a simple green curtain formed the background.

Mr. Miller, assisted by Miss Winn, has worked faithfully in the coaching of these plays. Each member of the class who is in the plays, realizes that much of the credit for the success of the plays is due to them and to Miss Brunner who has helped in many ways.

The cast of the plays is given below:

### THE RING.

Hannah Dodsley, wife of Peter—Tessie Degan.

Peter Dodsley, actor and stockholder in the Globe Theatre—Lee Scarlett, Katherine, their daughter — Mary Wooldridge.

John and Bess, servants of the Dods—  
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## COLLEGE GIVES VICTORY PROGRAM.

(Continued from Page One)

tempt to bless the world, by any petty difficulties.

President Richardson then conferred the degrees and presented the diplomas to the graduates after they had been presented by Dean Colbert.

The Victory Commencement program was planned in an able manner by a faculty committee composed of: Miss Winn, Chairman; Miss Brunner, Miss Miller, Mr. Osburn, and Mr. Wilson. Miss Zenor of the music department had charge of the music for the baccalaureate service and the Commencement program. Mr. Miller of the public speaking department trained the members of the different casts of the plays.

Mr. Miller and Miss Zenor worked faithfully in aiding the committee to make this the best commencement we have ever had.

## FUN OF WEEK FURNISHED BY CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

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ing of the Class Song which was composed by Minnie Turner.

The class program was arranged by a committee composed of Frances Holliday, Dora Allyn Willis, Vivian Seat and Minnie Turner, assisted by the class advisors, Miss Winn and Miss Brunner.

## ONE ACT PLAYS MAKE GREAT HIT

(Continued From Page One)

leys—Earl Bland and Crystelle Cranor.  
Mistress Chettle, friend of Hannah—Lou Mutz.  
Robin Woodcock, a young actor who takes women's parts—Leslie Holcomb.  
A Gipsy—Vivian Seat.  
Richard Powell, a young playwright in love with Katherine—Charles Ellmore.  
A Tinker—Joe Ferguson.

## A WOMAN'S A WOMAN FOR A' THAT.

Mrs. Styvie.....Minnie Turner  
Dr. Margaret Blufwell.....Mattie Dykes  
Niblick Styvie.....Glynn Britton  
Miss Iris, a trained nurse—  
Laura Carfman  
A veterinarian.....Earl Bland

## THE ROSE.

Sir Richard, a young nobleman—Henry Miller.  
The Lady Sylvia.....Frances Holliday  
Eustace, a page.....Arthur Ellmore.

## DR. H. L. STINSON, DENTIST

Democrat-Forum Bldg.

Hanapo 348

Farmers 39

MARYVILLE, MO.

## CLASS POEM

Tessie M. Degan.

Our class is very, very smart,  
We say it with tranquility,  
We pride ourselves most of all  
Upon our versatility.

For some of us are musical—  
Can sing to you and play,  
Will show you their ability  
By their parts today.

And some of us are studious,  
And some of us are not—  
Some of us are changeable,  
And some of us are "sot."

We know that four of us can teach—  
They did in Demonstration School,  
And even under supervision  
Kept very sweet and cool.

Now some of us are pretty,  
And some are merely gay,  
While some of us are noted  
By the things we say.

And so in writing up our poem  
'Twas a responsibility  
To show this class in all its sheen  
Of wondrous versatility.

No single kind of rhyme or verse  
Was half enough suggestive;  
No theme developed as a whole  
Could be enough expressive.

So we have chosen many kinds  
Of verses as a symbol  
Of all our wits and crafts and skill  
And artistry so nimble.

You'll find herein a verse that rhymes  
And one that doesn't, too.  
You'll find the old traditional kind,  
And free verse that's right new.

You'll find some prose within also—  
We meant to write it so.  
Did not Will Shakespears use prose too  
Sometimes, to make the action go?

The subjects that we write about  
Happened all this year.  
This is the history of the smartest  
class  
That ever studied here.

Now you can't please all and everyone  
—Of that we are quite certain.  
But laugh a little now and then,  
Or else our feelings will be hurtin'.

The first thing of consequence  
which happened in our senior year  
was the receiving of the S. A. T. C.  
into the school. Free verse is the only  
adequate mode of expressing this  
phase of our history.

## S. A. T. C.

Last fall when we started to school,  
We said "We will go to Maryville,  
It will be interesting there on account  
of the S. A. T. C's."  
But when we arrived and looked for  
some of our friends,  
The president said, "You can't see  
see them. They're S. A. T. C's."  
Then we tried to give a dance, but  
The lieutenant said, "You can't have  
my boys. They're S. A. T. C's."  
Then we said, "We'll have a hen  
party in the library."

But prexy said, "The library is the  
studyhall of the S. A. T. C's."  
When we tried to call 23 for a jitney,  
Central said, "The phone is being  
used by the S. A. T. C's."  
When we were fixed up to receive our  
beaux,  
We would get a phone message like  
this:  
"I love you just the same, dearie, but  
I'm in the infirmary of the S. A.  
T. C's."  
And when we went home over the flu  
vacation,  
We couldn't have a good time, because  
the boys were away—S. A. T. C's.  
And when we got the flul, mother in-  
consistently said,  
"You've been talking to those S. A.  
T. C's, I know."  
So, we girls were just as glad as the  
boys when the Government said,  
"Let's disband the S. A. T. C's."

The worst calamity that befell the  
class as a whole was having the flu.  
Only present tense prose could tell of  
its agony.

## On Having the Flu.

The flu epidemic is everywhere.  
No group can get together without re-  
marking, "Isn't it awful?" or some  
such original phrase. But you have  
determined not to have it. Somewhere  
you remember to have read that di-  
sease is all in one's mind. You didn't  
believe much in it then, but now you  
know it is so, and you are "willing"  
not to have the flu.

Around you, classmates are each day  
dropping out. Yesterday the girl who  
sat immediately behind you was tak-  
en. The circle discusses it. Your  
neighbor to the right knows she can't  
take it for she is following the pre-  
scription in O'Rear's window—baking  
soda in water. Your neighbor to the  
left is taking taulae. You say nothing  
but believe on in the efficiency of  
thought. However, just for fear that  
it might not work, you determine to  
use your spray more vigilantly. You  
sneeze, diving wildly for your hand-  
kerchief. Your neighbors squirm un-  
easily, but you assure them that sneez-  
ing is hereditary in your family and  
go on to prove it by Mendel's Law.

The next morning, you get up not  
feeling so well. A furry taste some-  
how makes everything at breakfast  
taste funny. Your cheeks are flushed  
and you are too achy and tired to care  
much about school. You finally con-

clude to go back to bed. Your room-  
mate immediately pronounces "flu"  
in a sepulchral voice. You indig-  
nantly deny it.

The doctor comes and asks you in  
series the following questions: Does  
your head ache? You hadn't thought  
much about it, but since he mentions  
it, you believe it does. Do your back  
and bones ache? You wiggle to see.  
He seems to expect yes as an answer  
and you hate to disappoint him.  
Throat sore? Eyes hurt? Sneezing  
and coughing? To get rid of him, you  
tell him, "yes." You are ready too  
tired to bother with him.

He sticks a cold tube under your  
tongue, feels of your hand and says  
you have the flu. You indignantly  
deny the accusation, but he bundles  
you off in his car and before you know  
it you are driving up to the hospital.  
Then you know you are sick. You are  
a little afraid it may be typhoid from  
this horrid city water you have been  
drinking, but you are quite sure it  
isn't the flu.

A nurse comes in and puts you to  
bed. She feels your pulse and goes  
out. She returns in a minute and  
takes your temperature. The doctor  
comes back, takes your hand, feels of  
it and shakes his head. He again takes  
your temperature. He goes out and  
you think that at last you are to have  
some peace.

But the head nurse comes in and be-  
gins asking all over again the ques-  
tions the doctor asked you. You are  
wary this time and you answer, "No."  
But it doesn't seem to make any dif-  
ference. She just shakes her head,  
and says, "flu." If you weren't so  
tired and hot, you'd fight them all.  
Besides you really begin to feel achy  
now, you will have to acknowledge.  
She feels your pulse and you begin to  
think rather dreamily that it is a nice  
sensation to have your hand held, and  
you wonder why it has never occurred  
to you before.

Then they all go away and leave  
you. Somewhere a clock strikes one.  
You wonder if it is half past something  
or just one o'clock. You lie there for  
a long, long time. The clock strikes  
again. You are just losing yourself  
in the intricacy of figuring out the  
time when another nurse glides in.  
Mechanically, your mouth flies open.  
It has the habit. You begin to ex-  
pect that thermometer. But it doesn't  
(Continued on Next Page)

# Reuillard's

—where they all go

## CLASS POEM.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

seem to be forthcoming this time, so you hold out your hand. But this nurse plays a dirty trick on you. Instead of gently holding it as you had expected, she rubs one finger with alcohol (you know it is alcohol, because you have studied chemistry) and sticks a big pin in it. She squeezes it, takes two drops of precious life blood and departs. She has said that she is going to test it. After the loss of so much blood, you begin to feel much weaker.

After tossing and tumbling a long, long time, you settle yourself and are just about asleep when the door opens and another nurse comes in. She has a big red tablet on a little dish. She seems to expect you to take it. But you are sure that it cannot go down your throat, and to prove it, you roll it around in your mouth, hitting your teeth. This sends a roaring thru your aching head. The coating finally gets off the tablet and in self-defense you swallow it. The nurse takes your pulse and your temperature. You try to see the latter, but she goes over to the wash stand to write it down and carries the chart away with her.

You toss around for several days more. You get lonesome. You discover the bell and ring it. No one comes, but while you are waiting in hopes that some one may, you begin to grow sleepy, and just as you are about gone, a sister appears and asks if you rang. You look wildly around for an excuse, discover your glass is empty and you are saved. She departs to get you a drink, but with an air of, "I wish you would leave my services for those who are really sick." This peevs you and you resolve to give the doctor a piece of your mind when he mentions hospital again as a place of peace and quiet.

By and bye, flowers and fruit, letters and magazines begin to pour in from your friends and relatives. But none of them seem to realize how sick you are. You lie and think how sad it is that you should have so many friends and yet have to leave them all. You know how deeply they will grieve for you when you are gone and your aching nerves give way and you cry a little. This so relieves you that you really get to sleep—but not for long. Just as you had expected, the nurse appears.

This time, she has a box of salve and she begins rubbing your chest. As you had protested that you were not sore, you cannot complain when she rubs hard. But that is not the worst. She brings in a thick, heavy pneumonia jacket and despite your will, she sews you into it.

Day after day goes by. When you are awake and lonesome, no one comes near you and when you are asleep, some one is sure to want to know how you are. They will not give you an inkling of how your fever is running. You remember that 105 is considered dangerous. You are sure yours must be 104 1-2 at least. Finally the day comes when the doctor says you may

walk. You get from the bed to the rocking chair and feel as if you had gone 17 miles. You open a cheering note from a friend which tells you that you are getting along very well considering the doctor you have.

In a few days, the doctor says you may go home and you depart. You spend the next month or two trying to convince your friends that you did not have the flu. But from your terrible weariness, you know that you have been very sick and that they can never appreciate just how near they came to losing you.

The nearest the graduating class came to being hard hit was the cyclone. This is our version of it, a la Walt Mason:

One Saturday when it was rainy and no one at school but the brainy, a great, big wind blew and blew. It said to the College, "I'm after you." So, it blew in windows and knocked out panes; it carried out papers and let in rains; and it blew off slate at a fearful rate. The news flashed around that the school was a wreck and the other colleges said, "We'll get your students, by heck!" But while they were shouting with boisterous laughter, Mr. Brink was at work sizing up rafters. He said when he finished, "It could have been worse. The school is not dead yet, just hold off the hearse." So, he got the workmen while prexy got money; the students just laughed and thought it was funny. And, in the end, tho it was too bad, still, it gave work to many a lad, to part with its money, it made the state sad, it made the other schools glad, it didn't hurt our veteran dad, it gave to winds another fad, no one was especially mad, and it gave Marcell a brand new ad.

Naturally, our class has been vastly interested in the changing of the school's name since it has added a bit of dignity to our title. Of course, it must be celebrated in the school history.

### On Changing Our Name.

Flowers of No Man's Land  
Our class can never be—  
Inmates of Old Maid's Homes?  
No seeress that can see.

For each and every one of us  
Changed our name one day,  
And we didn't promise either  
To honor, love, obey.

For Normalites we used to be—  
But tell us if you can  
What better thing than change your name  
And still not for a man?

But all too soon we have to sever  
These bonds of college matrimony,  
We're not old maids—but college widows,  
With knowledge as our alimony.

It would never do to omit the next chapter in the class history.

### It Rains:

This summer when the new terms began,  
It rained.

Last summer when the term began,  
It rained.  
The summer before that, with the new term,  
Came rain.  
It seems that with every summer term  
Comes rain.  
And we wonder just why at this time  
It always rains.

This summer will long be known by the multitude of simultaneous terms which have been running. 8, 10 and 16 will continue to be magical numbers to the students of this summer session.

### 8, 10 and 16.

Mr. Skygack of Mars as he studied one day,  
Grew suddenly very excited—  
"If I don't get to Maryville right away,  
My whole career will be blighted.  
Just look at the folks who're visiting that school,  
And here am I 'way up in Mars,  
If I don't get busy, both Holden and Salas  
Will be taking my place in the stars."

So Skygack sailed down in a mighty big hurry  
To visit this school of renown.  
"It surely is precious," he said to himself,  
To be hidden so far from the town."

He stopped by the dear old birches,  
But he had no dear for the bench,  
So as he went on into the building,  
He politely noted in French:

The faculty seem very busy,  
President, registrar, dean,  
Signing up folks for the terms beginning  
8, 10, 16.

The students, too, seem to be learning  
8, 10, 16.  
I wonder if it's a new kind of poker,  
Or just what it is that they mean.

There are two over there who are whispering—  
I can't hear very well what they say,  
They seem to be learning their classes  
And how they recite each day.

Monday's off on Wednesday and Friday?  
Surely that cannot be the way—  
And Saturday off on Tuesday is wrong,  
Say, which period's off which day?

I'm sure they must use a new math here,  
I'll ask the instructor at once—  
103a, 319, two hours are queer symbols,  
Or it may be that I am the dunce.

But I wish someone would tell me,  
If I'm hearing things as they seem,  
Or if they're just magic numbers—  
This 8, 10 and 16.

The question which is agitating each and every member of the class now is finding a job. Of course, this important event must be celebrated in rhyme:

### On Finding a Job:

When we were little youngsters,  
We didn't want so much—  
Just candy, tops, a doll or two,  
And maybe balls or such.

And then we wanted dresses,  
With parasols and rings,  
And hats trimmed just like mother's  
And other trivial things.

Then, we'd like to marry  
A handsome movie star  
Like Washburn, Doug, or Charlie  
We'd worshipped from afar.

And then, we wanted just a man,  
Preferred, of course, good looking,  
Until in panic we prayed the lord  
For any on his booking.

But now, Oh Lord, our prayer is changed,  
We make this with a sob—  
The only thing we'd like just now  
Is to find a real, good job.

We didn't grieve for other things,  
Not even for the man—  
But please, we ask, please grant this thing,  
And hurry, if you can.

And now, dear College of our heart,  
We make the usual close,  
'Tis time to end our history  
And bid thee adios.

Footprints on the sands of time  
Our class has not yet made—  
On glass doors we have left our sign,  
By moistened fingers laid.

We know that other students  
Like us are not so wise,  
And so we'd like, before we leave,  
To give them some advice.

Don't stop to go a fishing  
Or swimming on the walk.  
It isn't quite the thing to do  
And some, you know, will talk.

And guard those trees along the walk,  
And tend them every day,  
And never, never, by mischance  
Pluck one for your bouquet.

And don't wear pink, whate'er you do  
Tho it may become you fair;  
Don't stick your pencil in your mouth,  
Nor put it in your hair.

Don't fall in love with all the men—  
We have so very few,  
We will agree, how'er with them  
'Twould not be hard to do.

And line up on the side of tuct—  
It'll change with every class—  
Sometimes, be bold as a suffragette,  
And others, a charming lass.

Again, dear College, fare thee well,  
Our hearts are grieved indeed,  
But then you know we have the vote  
To help us next year in our sorest need.

A degree we have, and yes, the vote,  
And should we need a man—  
Why, next year, being leap year  
We'll get him if we can.

## THE GREEN AND WHITE COURIER Maryville, Mo.

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### EDITED BY SENIORS.

Arlie Hulet            Mattie Dykes  
Tessie Degan        Vivian Seat  
Mrs. A. J. Cauffield   Dale Hulet  
Pearl Wilkerson       Hattie Hall  
Minnie Loutzenhiser   Iva Ward  
Mrs. Mary D. Lawrence  
Adviser..... Miss Winn

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1919.

### AN APPRECIATION.

The birds upon the campus sing their songs of praise; the flowers pay their tribute in fragrant incense as they sway upon their stems; the trees shake down their nuts and fruit from the bending boughs; the stars send their silver beams to gladden us, and all perform their mission of service and appreciation.

Before the Senior Class of nineteen nineteen can make its exit from the stage whereon it has played both leading and minor parts during the past four years, it too, will sing its song of praise and show its appreciation of the advantages and opportunities given it by this school.

The Northwest Missouri State Teachers College stands preeminently as one of the leading educational institutions of Missouri. Its buildings are excellent and beautifully located.

USE—

## Batavia

PURE FOOD  
GOODS

### Schumacher's

## Eyes Tested FREE

THE EYE WORKS CEASELESSLY—Is it any wonder that it rebels?

Is it any wonder that an attempt to read for an hour or so causes suffering?

It may be that YOU are in need of glasses—

LET US TEST YOUR EYES.



Its halls are wide and its class rooms large and light. It is well equipped for the work of training teachers. Its literary societies are enthusiastic and ambitious. Its training school is well organized and conducted. With all these points to its credit, here is the place that every young man and woman within the boundaries of the Fifth District should come for an education.

The members of the graduating class can speak with authority for they fully realize the opportunities to the wide awake student in this school. It is a pleasant place to be and we are loath to leave. A feeling of sadness comes over us when we think of going down that long cement walk for, perhaps, the last time, but we shall carry away with us beautiful memories of the school, our class-mates and instructors.

Dear old College, we shall miss you. In after years, however, we will need but to close our eyes and the dusty school room and the noisy children, the click of the type writer, the hum of the court room or the duties of the home, will all vanish and in their stead will come sweet memories of you! Once more we shall smell the fragrance of your red clover blossoms, your Japanese roses and your evergreen trees; and again we will feel the force of the winter wind as it circles around your walls, or the grateful shock of the summer breeze as it comes over your windswept campus. Once again we will feel the refreshing coolness of your shadowy halls and listen to the old clock as it buzzes out the class hours; we shall see the students rushing madly to their classes, or lingering along the way, some even resting quietly behind Hebe, who with her cruise of oil, guards the "lovers retreat."

There is one figure that will dominate our memory picture, and that is the head of the Faculty—our beloved President, Mr. Richardson—the man who was always kind, conscientious, capable and courteous. He was ever eager to help us when discouraged, homesick or disappointed. He was always ready to quietly lead the doubtful to a place of confidence, and to guide those who did not know the way, and his influence was ever on the side of right and justice.

Then again we shall see our Instructors; they, who were kind, courteous, broadminded and patient, ever trying to help us to reach our goal; they, who by precept and example have helped every one of us to be better women, and so taught us that we leave this school with a determination "To stretch forth our hands and give such service that others also may be lifted up."

Dear old school, we may never visit you again, except in our dreams, but the life of each one of the thirteen seniors will always be richer for the years she has spent within your walls.

Remembering all the kindness and helpfulness of both the President and Faculty, all the advantages provided for us by the State of Missouri thru this College, the Senior Class joins the birds of the campus—the robins, the larks, the blackbirds, the blue-birds, the wrens and the wax-wings—

in their chorus of praise. It pays tribute to all that is beautiful around the buildings, upon the campus and within the class-rooms. It shakes down the fruit of information from the tree of experience for the benefit of those who, in the future, are to enter here. Thus, the Seniors perform their mission of service and appreciation.

### WHAT WE WOULD DO.

Four years ago, when we were timid freshmen, we would never have dared to do what we are about to undertake. Even now, were we not moved by a spirit of love for our school, we might hesitate. Lest second thought deter us, we hasten at once to our subject.

We, the Seniors of 1919, as we are leaving the State Teachers College of Maryville, Missouri, do hereby offer the following list of suggestions of things we would abolish if some night a good fairy came to us and said, "I shall abolish from your school the things you most wish to have abolished."

I. We would abolish back-biting; for we are firmly convinced it is a pernicious habit. Remember what Old Daddy Do-Funny says about it—"Wid do much Christian blood in 'is veins,

You'd think Brer Skeeter would take some pains

To love 'is neighbor and show good will;

But he's pizenin' and back-bitin' still—

An' he ain't by hisself in dat, in dat, No, he ain't by hisself in dat!"

II. We would abolish the reason for President Richardson's having to say every Tuesday morning, "Will you move down front and fill these empty seats."

III. If we were the faculty, we would abolish our annoying habit of keeping our classes till the second bell rings. Are we asking too much when we say, "Please close your class immediately when the FIRST bell rings?" Here is a secret that we as students will whisper to you as faculty: The popular teacher begins on time and stops on time.

IV. By all means we would never more see finger prints on glass doors. A certain group of people this year put up a notice on their door: "Please do not put your hands on the glass." They kept a list of people who paid no heed to the sign. Don't you wish you knew whose name heads the list? Or if yours is on it? President Richardson's name is not on it but we do not go far down the list until we find some well-known names.

V. Of course it goes without saying that we would abolish all marking on walls or other defacing of our

building. Did you ever stop to think that there are probably those here who can recognize your writing?

VI. We would abolish the habit of making the library a visiting place.

VII. It is all right in a spirit of fun to say "Prexy"—we really think he likes it—but it is nothing short of vulgarity to say "Richardson." We, therefore, would abolish forever the calling of faculty members by their surnames without their titles.

VIII. We would abolish the attitude of teachers who look upon literary activities with less favor than upon athletics. We suggest that they consider that a student who takes part in literary society work or any other phase of intellectual activity is doing a work that is helping to educate him and that they as faculty are to encourage him rather than condemn him in his effort. We are not belittling the value of athletics, nor do we ask the faculty to be less lenient to the athlete; we merely plead for justice. Please give literary contests an equal place with athletic contests. Advertise the mental ability as well as the physical ability of our students.

IX. As we are now to leave Maryville, we would abolish the slowness with which inquiries addressed to the college are answered. Prompt answers to communications will help our school grow.

X. Last, but not least, let us hope that we may all very soon abolish the use of the word Normal and substitute for it State Teachers College.

### GRADUATION SONG—1919.

Minnie Turner.

Schoolmates, friends, and teachers,  
Here we meet today

That our loyalty we may portray  
Thru our class tree—

As you sit beneath its shade, may  
Mem'ry take you back

To the nineteen-nineteen class at old  
T. C.

Chorus:

Loyalty and service: our watch-word  
and song;

Loyalty for our dear school, and service  
full and free!

Loyalty and service ever—pass the  
word along!

True and blue we'll always be for  
dear T. C.

Soon we'll bid you farewell,

And we'll go away—

Tho our college days are passed,

We'll love our old school still;

When we think of our school days,

Tho we are far away,

We shall always love T. C. at Maryville.

## FOR GOOD THINGS TO EAT TRY THE

## NEW YORK CANDY KITCHEN

# My Treasure Box

Years ago I began a collection of poems and good thoughts of various kinds. My collection grew and grew until it became a veritable treasure box. It became so famous that the class-day committee have asked me to open it this morning and share a few of its treasures with you.

Realizing that class day, though on the surface a day of happiness and song, is really one of the saddest days of the year with the thought of the severing of the ties that have bound us together through our years of college life, I shall try to draw only happy thoughts from my box.

Our Prexy over there looks blue as he thinks how everything will go wrong when all we seniors leave. Here is a thought for him:

"If when things are going wrong,  
You will hum some little song,  
Just a soft and tender bit  
With some melody in it,  
Things may not go right again,  
But 'twill sort of ease your pain,  
And you'll find in your reverse  
Naught's so bad, it can't be worse!"

Worse? I should say so! What if ALL these people were leaving? Think of all this fine lot of folks who are coming back to get their degrees! And think of all the students we shall send you when we are all successful teachers elsewhere! Then you'll say:

"This world we're livin' in  
Is mighty hard to beat;  
You get a thorn with every rose,  
But ain't the roses sweet!"

Our sponsors, too, Miss Winn and Miss Brunner, seem just a trifle down-hearted. Here is a cheery word for them!

"Oh, the world is full of roses,  
And the roses full of dew,  
And the dew is full of heavenly love  
That drips for me and you."

Then here is a thought for the new seniors. Perhaps next year you'll have to work pretty hard. Perhaps you have not realized that even a senior is tempted to say "I can't" once in awhile. But—

"Don't say kain't, dat's wicked,  
chile!  
De good Lord hear ye and be sorry.  
Ef de fish don't bite today,  
Tain't no sign they won't tomor-  
ry."

"Heap o' things you got to learn,  
And do somethin' else sides wishin';  
Ef you speeks to catch a whale, chil-  
len,

You got to keep on fishin'."  
Things may look pretty difficult  
sometimes—they have to us; but here  
is a bit of good advice:

"If at first you don't succeed,  
Don't sit down and cry.  
Just sit up and look around  
And find the reason why.  
No use to get discouraged,  
No use to sulk and cry,  
But wear a grin and wade right in  
And have another try."

But even that OTHER try may not bring you success. Yet, if you have done your best, if you have made an honest effort and even then have failed, you have done well after all—

"It is better to lose with a conscience clean

Than win by a trick unfair;  
It is better to fail and to know  
you've been  
Whatever the prize was, square,  
Than to claim the joy of a far-off  
goal

And the cheers of the standers-by,  
And to know down deep in your in-  
most soul  
A cheat you must live and die!

"Who wins by a trick may take the prize,

And at first he may think it sweet,  
But many a day in the future lies  
When he'll wish he had met defeat.  
For the man who lost will be glad  
of heart,

And walk with his head up high,  
While his conquerer knows he must  
play the part  
Of a cheat and a living lie.

"The prize seems fair when the fight is on,

But save it is truly won,  
You will hate the thing when the  
crowds are gone,  
For it stands for a false deed done;  
And it's better you never should  
reach your goal

Than ever success to buy,  
At the price of knowing down deep  
in your soul,  
That your glory is all a lie."

For the seniors, who, after four years of college life, may be inclined to find fault with the world for not gracefully falling into step with them, I choose this bit of warning:

"Don't look for flaws as you go thru life,

And even when you find them,  
It is wise and kind to be somewhat  
blind  
And look for the virtue behind them.  
For the cloudiest night has a hint  
of the light

Somewhere in its shadows hiding;  
It is better by far to look for a  
star

Than the spots on the sun abiding.

"The current of life runs ever away  
To the bosom of God's great ocean.  
Don't send your force 'gainst the  
river's course

And think to alter its motion;  
Don't waste a curse on the uni-  
verse—

Remember it lived before you.  
Don't butt at the storm with your  
puny form

But bend and let it go o'er you.

"The world will never adjust itself  
To suit your whims to the letter,  
Some things must go wrong your  
whole life long

And the sooner you know it the  
better.

It is folly to fight with the Infinite,  
And go under at last in the wrestle;  
The wiser man shapes in to God's  
plan

As the water shapes into a vessel."

The next little gem I find seems al-  
most too sacred to use in this public  
way, yet to the loved ones who are

happy to see us graduated, may we But I will laugh and sing my way  
not all say—

"Knowing you love me,  
I can do  
All that we dream of  
I and you.

Knowing you love me,  
I can go  
Singing to trials  
I do not know.

Knowing you love me  
I can be  
All that you wish  
And hope for me."

If you can say THAT and mean it, I need not give you this advice:

"Be what you is,  
Not what you ain't,  
Cause if you is what you ain't,  
You ain't what you is!"

If you have not decided just what  
you are going to do in life, here is a  
vow you had better make:

"I may not ever scale the mountain  
heights

Where all the great men stand in  
glory now;

I may not ever gain the world's de-  
lights

Or win a wreath of laurel for my  
brow;

I may not gain the victories that men  
Are fighting for, nor do a thing to  
boast of;

I may not get a fortune here, but then,  
The little that I have I'll make the  
most of!

"I'll make my little home a palace  
fine,

My little patch of green a garden  
fair,

And I shall know each humble plant  
and vine

As rich men know their orchid  
blossoms rare.

My little home may not be much to  
see;

Its chimneys may not tower far  
above;

But it will be a mansion great to me,  
For in its walls I'll keep a hoard  
of love.

"I will not pass my modest pleasures  
by

To grasp at shadows of more splen-  
did things,

Disdaining what of joyousness is nigh  
Because I am denied the joy of  
kings.

But I will laugh and sing my way  
along,  
I'll make the most of what is mine  
today,  
And if never rise above the throng,  
I shall have lived a full life any-  
way."

Then here is another thought—a  
thought so big I cannot apply it to a  
single group. It must be for all of  
you.

"By all means use sometimes to be  
alone.

Salute thyself; see what thy soul  
doth wear;

Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis  
thine own—

And tumble up and down what thou  
find'st there.

Sum up at night what thou hast done  
by day,

And, in the morning, what thou hast  
to do.

Dress and undress thy soul: mark the  
decay

Or growth of it. If, with thy watch,  
that too

Be down, then wind up both. Since  
we shall be

Most surely judged, make thy ac-  
counts agree."

Another bit of advice to the class:  
We are so likely to think only of the  
future—of the distant land—and ne-  
glect the opportunity we have at  
home. True—

"The land of Far-away is fair,  
With hope and memory abiding  
there,

Where dear ambition, richly prized,  
May soon or late be realized;

Yet, when I think of countries that  
are mine,

There's none so great, there's none  
so truly fine,

So full of thrilling cheer  
As this blessed living land of Here."

In this "blessed living land of  
Here," may we not all do the thing  
and enjoy the thing that lies at hand.

There is so much for us to do. Let us  
not fail to see our duty. That makes

me think of the best New Year res-  
olution I ever heard: "I resolve to  
do that which I shall wish I had done  
when I see the other fellow do it."

Let us take that resolution to heart.  
May we never have to suffer for the  
sin of omission. For,

"It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,

(Continued on Next Page)



**The  
San-Tox  
Store**

The little store on the corner  
that does a big business. A com-  
plete line of STATIONARY, TOILET  
ARTICLES, ICE CREAM AND SOFT  
DRINKS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO  
STUDENTS' WANTS

**Maryville Drug Co.**



## MY TREASURE BOX.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

That gives you a bit of a heartache,  
At the setting of the sun.  
The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flower you did not send, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts at night.

The stone you might have lifted  
Out of a brother's way;  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say;  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
Forgotten till the hours had flown,  
You had no time nor thought for  
With troubles enough of your own.

Those little acts of kindness,  
So easily out of mind,  
Those chances to be angels,  
Which we poor mortals find,  
They come in night and silence,  
Each sad reproachful wraith,  
When hope is faint and flagging  
And a chill has fallen on faith.

"For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great  
To suffer our slow compassion  
That tarries until too late;  
And it isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
That gives you a bit of a heartache  
At the setting of the sun."

My treasure box is not nearly exhausted. It has a thought for every mood. But when I have chosen one more, the lid shall close. Let this little poem be my parting thought to my class—the graduating class of 1919. "There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are noble and true  
Then give to the world the best you have  
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth and your gift will be paid in kind,  
And honor will honor meet;  
And a smile that is sweet will surely find,  
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave  
'Tis just what you are and do;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you."

## PRESIDENT AND MRS. RICHARDSON ENTERTAIN FOR CLASS

President and Mrs. Richardson gave their annual reception to the graduating classes and faculty on Saturday evening, June 21, from eight to ten. This proved a most enjoyable opening of the commencement activities.

The porch was beautiful in catalpa blossoms and the rooms were decorated in roses and ferns. Punch was served in the dining room and ice

cream and wafers were served in the reception hall.

Those assisting were: Dean and Mrs. Colbert, Mrs. Crossan, Harriett Van Buren, Olivette Godsey, Carrie Coler, Vi June Colden, Lois Hankins, Lola Cranor, Iva Bain, and Laura Mae Crossan.

## TWO SENIORS WORK ON COURSE OF STUDY.

Miss Dykes and Miss Wilkerson, members of the senior class, for the past month have been tabulating, organizing and reconstructing the material used during the year in the Demonstration school into a course of study. They have been teaching in the Demonstration school for the last two years under the supervision of Miss Brunner and Miss Miller.

The course of study embodies the educational principles for which this school stands. The psychological aspects of the child furnishes the starting point for many of the school activities. As far as possible the peculiar individual interests, experiences, and possibilities of the children are considered; while the sociological side gives subject matter as literature, history, science, mathematics and English. Those who worked on the course of study recognized that the law of growth thru self-activity makes a constant demand for definite knowledge.

## THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

An alumni association is perhaps the best advertising scheme that any school can launch. An enthusiastic group of alumni, fired with loyalty for their school, is always a powerful factor in developing interest in a school.

Our school, the State Teachers College at Maryville, is a school to be proud of. The students who are graduated from it have every reason to be

proud. If you feel this pride, you will want to express it. It is not only your duty, then, but your privilege, to get in line with all others who feel this same pride. Join the Alumni Association and help us boost for our College.

The alumni dues are only a dollar a year and you get not only membership in the association but a year's subscription to the Green and White Courier. Pay your dues at once to Beatrice Sewell, or to the new treasurer who is to be elected tonight. Watch the Courier for further announcements.

## BACCALAUREATE SERVICE.

The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered in the College auditorium by the Rev. Dr. Cox, Sunday, June 22, 3 P. M.

The subject of the discourse was, "Truth and Freedom." This subject was taken from our school motto. Dr. Cox gave a number of practical illustrations, while developing his subject. He was a very forceful speaker.

The order of the services were as follows:

Processional Hymn—College Chorus.  
Doxology.  
Anthem—Send Out Thy Light (Gounod)—Chorus.  
Invocation.....Rev. Mr. Holliday  
Scripture Reading—Rev. Mr. Ferguson  
Anthem—He Watching O'er Israel—(Mendelssohn).  
Sermon.....Rev. Dr. Cox  
Benediction.....Rev. Mr. Snodgrass

## A TRIBUTE.

The world pays tribute to those whom it loves and respects. Therefore is it fitting that we, the seniors, in this issue of the paper, pay our tribute to Miss Winn, the class sponsor. To say that we love her would not be half comprehensive enough. Folks are loved for their weaknesses quite as

often as for their strength. And in Miss Winn, we find that unusual combination of strength and loveliness.

It is the rare student who complains that he is overworked in her classes; it is the mistaken student who brags of a snap. The seniors, after four years of association with her, know this best of all. She is the kind of teacher they would be—the kind who gets the best out of her students, not because they are afraid but just because they want to do the thing itself.

Her attitude of proportions is so just and her outlook upon life so sane. Her judgments are carefully thought out, therefore always sure and dependable. Every senior has known that no reasonable request would be passed unfavorably by the class critic. Whether it were a case of choosing the right course or the important task of selecting next year's position, Miss Winn has never been too busy or too hurried to advise. Always calm, always at ease, never seeming hard at work, yet always accomplishing is the impression she ever conveys.

But the greatest tribute that can be paid anyone is the act of imitation. If there is any one individual that the members of the class would choose to be like, Miss Winn would unanimously be acclaimed that individual.

This article was written and inserted without Miss Winn's knowledge or consent.

The Senior Class.

M. G. Neal, who was formerly head of the department of education here, and is in the service, has been promoted to a captaincy.

## DR. J. C. ALLENDER DENTAL SURGEON

First National Bank Building  
Both Phones.



LADIES' PARLOR

## CLASS ROLL.

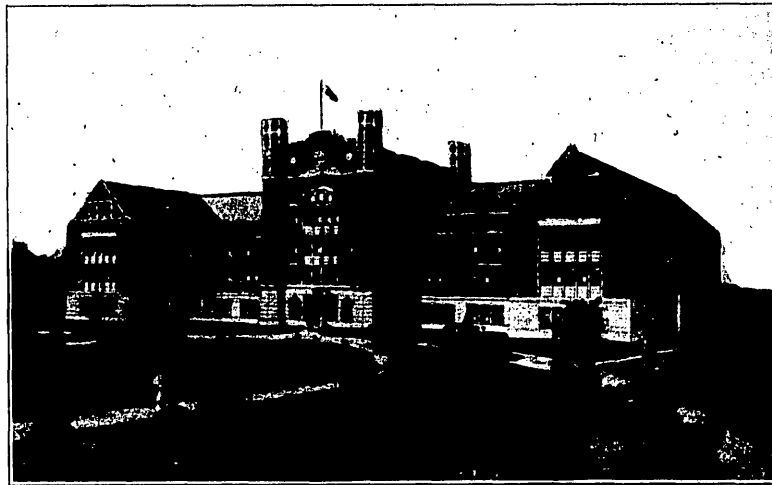
Following is the roll of the Graduating class with their home address and in some cases we were able to find where these people expect to be found next year, but you know some like mystery and consequently wanted to leave you in suspense as to their whereabouts.

### Seniors:

Mrs. Mary D. Lawrence, Kansas City.  
Iva Ward, King City, Mo.  
Mattie Dykes, King City, Mo.  
Vivian Seat, Denver, Mo.  
Arlie Hulet, Maryville, Mo.  
Minnie Loutzenhiser, Blockton, Ia.  
Pearl Wilkerson, Union Star, Mo.  
Tessie Degan, St. Joseph, Mo.  
Dale Hulet, Maryville, Mo.  
Ella Moore, Trenton, Mo.  
Nelle Tobin, Maryville, Mo.  
Hattie Hall, Maryville, Mo.  
Mrs. A. J. Cauffield, Maryville, Mo.

### Sophomores:

Velma Appleby, Maryville, Mo. In school, Maryville, Mo.  
Mrs. Marie Angel, Maryville, Mo.  
Mrs. Eugene Bird, Maryville, Mo.  
Addie Brown, St. Joseph, Mo. Teaching, St. Joseph, Mo.  
Hallie Buntz, Maitland, Mo. Teaching, New Point, Mo.  
Crystelle Cranor, Darlington, Mo. Teaching, Burlington Jet., Mo.  
Verna Clark, Grant City, Mo.  
Edith Dorrel, Savannah, Mo. Teaching, Montana.  
Thelma Eaton, Tarkio, Mo.  
Jessie Fannon, Maryville, Mo.  
Leola Frede, Maryville, Mo. Teaching, Moscow, Iowa.  
Virginia Lawson, Maryville, Mo.  
Marie Landfather, Maryville, Mo. Teaching, Parnell, Mo.  
Minnie Turner, Richmond, Mo.  
Vesta Wright, Fairfax, Mo.  
Gertrude Walker, Bigelow, Mo.  
Mary E. Martin, Dearborn, Mo. Teaching at Rosendale, Mo.  
Blanche McMahon, Fairfax, Mo. Teaching at Fairfax.  
Jessie Z. Murphy, Polo, Mo.  
Lou Mutz, Maryville, Mo.  
Elvira Ward, King City, Mo.  
Mary Wooldridge, Maryville, Mo.  
Ethel Warren, Maryville, Mo.  
Dora Allen Willis, Camden Point, Mo. In school at Maryville.  
Charlotte Seideman, Fairfax, Mo. Teaching in Fairfax.  
Mabel Anderson, Pharr, Texas.  
Mrs. Gertrude Black, Maryville, Mo.  
Emma Bertram, Mound City, Mo.  
Laura Curfman, Maryville, Mo. Assistant in Home Economic Department, Maryville T. C.  
Eunice Gromer, Pattonsburg, Mo.  
Frances Holliday, Huntsville, Mo.  
Vera Judy, Craig, Mo.  
Mary Keeler, Maryville, Mo.  
Irma Langford, Jamesport, Mo.  
John J. Robison, Maysville, Mo.  
Etta Smith, Jamesport, Mo.  
Mayhew Saville, Grant City, Mo.  
Officers of the class are: Mattie Dykes, Pres.; Mary Wooldridge, Vice-Pres.; Virginia Lawson, Sec.; Mrs. A. J. Cauffield, Treas.



## Thoughts for the Graduates

Dr. Burriss Jenkins.

Time was when commencement consisted of a public, oral examination. Members of classes took their places on a platform and were quizzed in the presence of an audience. How would you like that now, graduates?

In those days, the test of education was, how much do you know?

The aim of education was the pouring into the pupil's mind of facts, facts, facts, truths, truths, truths, and ramming them home like powder with a wad over it, sometimes so tight that it never could be shot out again.

We have now come to realize that the important thing about a person is not how much he knows. There are some people who know a vast deal and yet are never able to put it to any use.

There came an era in which we began training the hand along with the head. It was felt necessary to suit the action to the word.

Manual training and vocational training had their vogue, and we began asking the question, not merely what do you know, but also, what can you do?

This was a long stride forward.

Even yet, however, we felt that the root of the matter had not been reached; that a man might know a great deal and be able to do a great deal, and still not be a fine, finished product of a man.

We felt that a further question was necessary as a test of the graduate, and that question is, what are you?

Knowledge is important, skill is valuable, but neither one of them comes into its best use unless backed up with character.

We feel, now, that education is the making of character as well as the

making of scholars or trained heads and hands.

Character counts in this old world. Even credit men estimate you more by character than they do by anything else.

You may have any amount of cash, and any amount of collateral, but, unless you have character, they will not be inclined to trust you.

A man without cash or collateral, who possesses undoubted character, will get quick consideration.

When all is said and done, however, is it possible to be content with those three questions at graduation time: What do you know, what can you do, and what are you?

Is there not a further question necessary, and that question is, what do you aspire to become?

Here is the real and final test of the educated person. He recognizes that he knows very little; that his skill is very limited, and that he knows very little; that his skill is very limited, and that he does not amount to very much, anyhow.

But he has a restless longing and craving for something better than he

has yet attained, and that it is which is the divinest thing about man.

The best word, then, that can come to the young graduate at this season of the year is: "Look up! Aspire! Be not satisfied with anything you have attained."

The finest voices that will speak to him on these commencement days will come in a great chorus from the earth, the air, the sky; from the voice of the little babe, or the little brook that babbles along on its way, to the great, thunderous voice which comes from between the cherubim—all the mighty anthem from nature and from Him who stands behind nature, bids the graduate to look up, to aspire, to go on to larger and larger institutions and to greater and greater achievements.

### COURIER RECEIVES A COPY OF A. E. F. NEWS.

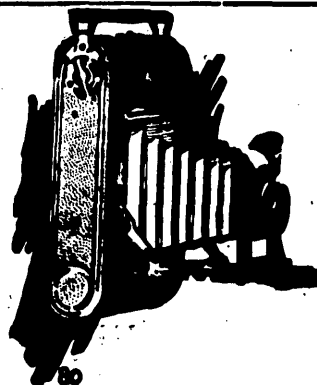
"To send each student back to his military organization or to return him directly to civil life with more clearly defined ideas upon the principal problems of citizenship," is the purpose of the American E. F. University at Beaune, France.

This university is run on the same plan as the universities in the United States, except that it is an army organization.

The college of journalism publishes a news paper—The A. E. F. University News. The Courier staff have received a copy of the paper from Mr. H. A. Foster, a former member of our faculty who is now teaching history in the university. Some of the news items are an account of courses offered in the department of citizenship, an announcement of a series of lectures to be given at the University by prominent American and French journalists, and news of the track work being done in the A. E. F. There were other items of university news—an editorial on College Spirit in the A. E. F. U.; news of the College of Law, the Agricultural College, the Post Schools and the Library.

The faculty of the A. E. F. university numbers nearly 700, and the standard of work done compares very favorably with that done in the largest universities in the United States.

Mr. Foster also sent pictures of the University which will be placed in the bulletin board.



WE  
SELL  
THEM

WE  
LOAN  
THEM

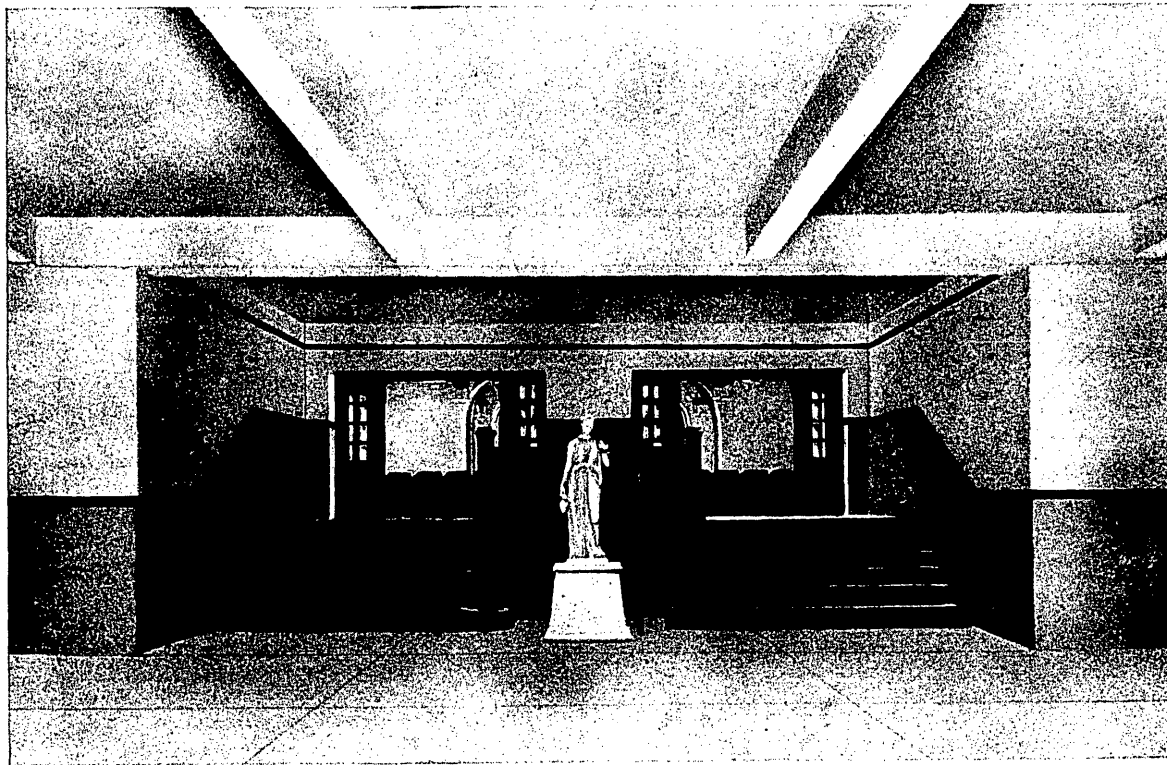
# Kodaks

## Carpenter

"The Man of Kodak Fame"

At The Bee Hive Shoe Store

# The Stroller



THIS PLEASANT PLACE WILL LINGER IN THE STROLLER'S MEMORY.

Since the Stroller is not a senior, he felt his incompetency very keenly when he was asked to prepare an article for this edition of the paper. He strolled the halls, trying to find jokes on the members of the class, but without much success. He endeavored to pump various seniors for jokes on classmates, but he found them a loyal bunch, and they would not give anything away. One thing, however, he did discover, and that was the fact that the class, being all girls, the eternal triangle plot had for once turned into a polygon. Finally, in desperation, the Stroller went into a trance and dreamed. These are some of the things he dreamed about the seniors—but he believes in dreams. If they haven't come true, they probably will.

Dr. Stinson of Maryville, Mo., has organized a flirting club, of which Mrs. Lawrence is a member.

Hattie Hall, when she was taking the novel course, was found weeping in the library one day. One of her sympathetic friends sat down beside her and asked her why she was crying. Her answer was, "Oh, it is wonderful to be in love!"

We hate to tell it, but it is true.

We shall call it kleptomania as do high society people. Folks lower down in the scale call it plain thieving. Anyhow, Pearl Wilkerson did it. Three different times, she has walked off with an umbrella not her own. But her friends, being the victims,

rescued their property without suits in law.

A new student seeing Mattie Dykes in the hall rushed up to her with an expressive face and an outstretched hand.

Stranger: How do you do! I'm so glad to see you. Don't you remember I met you several years ago? Let me see, what is your name NOW?

A gurgling, groaning, strangled sound was heard in the rest room the other day. Mrs. Perrin went hurriedly to the rescue, thinking perhaps she could give relief to the sufferer. She found Arlie Hulet with lips curled up and muscles of the neck drawn and asked what the matter was. Miss Hulet replied: "Nothing, I'm only vocalizing my French lesson."

Miss Degan: When it comes to love I wouldn't give a thought to how much a man is making.

Miss Sent: Neither would I, dear. What would primarily interest me would be how much he had already made. There's no use in taking chances.

Miss Ward, who has recently been the recipient of a beautiful gift: What is the correct translation of the motto of this lovely ring you gave me? (?:). Faithful to the last.

Miss Ward: The last! Oh, you have always told me before that I was the very first.

Miss Floyd: I know a word in the plural that is very unpleasant; if an 's'

is added, it becomes singular and very, very pleasant.

Perrin Hall Table: We give up.

Miss Floyd: Cares; add an s and it becomes caress.

Mrs. Cauffield (Who has been dreaming): I don't see why that is masculine.

Perrin Hall Table—— (Prolonged shouts).

It must be wonderful to have a name that one can live up to as Ella Moore can. She wanted Moore education. She came to the college and got it. When she went out to teach, she wanted Moore money and she got it. Now she is going to a town where there is more than one man. To be consistent, we'd have to say— and she got it.

Said Mr. X to Miss Loutzenhiser, Some words which did surprise her.

"Your name's very fine, But please change it to mine." And now he's much sadder and wiser.

Twelve plus one make thirteen. That, argues Nelle Tobin, is a self-evident fact. Therefore, tho she may be the thirteenth, Nelle further argues that she is also the one, and having won, she cannot be unlucky. Therefore, she logically states, the status of thirteen has been changed. We will admit that late is better than never and she is indeed fortunate to line up with this senior class.

Mr. Miller (to Dad and Miss Degan,

at play practice): Get more vim in to this love making.

Dad: Never you mind, Mr. Miller, Miss Degan and I are going to rehearse this in private.

Mr. Miller: Well, go on with the action.

Miss Degan: Don't you say some more, Dad?

Cast: She wants more!!!!

Miss Winn was talking to "the ring" after returning from a trip to St. Joseph.

Miss Degan: And did you see this soldier?

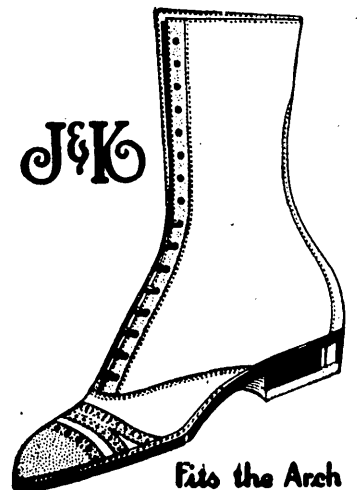
Miss Winn: Indeed, I did, and fed him strawberries out of our own patch.

Miss Wilkerson: And didn't you have any sugar and cream with them?

Miss Dykes: As if they would need any more sweetness.

The Maryville chapter of the A. C. A., entertained Tuesday, June 17 in honor of Dr. Holmes who was giving a series of lectures at the college, and also in honor of the degree graduates of the 1919 class of the school. Degree students of former years, who were in Maryville, were also guests.

The reception was given at the home of Miss Miller and Miss Brunner. The special feature of the evening was a suffrage joke from each guest. Dr. Holmes talked on the meaning to women of the passage of this amendment.



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